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JACK



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Chapter 1 by Kero Kero

Boudica strutted softly through the motel's smokey corridor. She nodded to the door clerk, a fellow agent as she exited onto a paved street. He merely grunted in reply.

Paris wasn't as pretty as in the movies. Working for the CIA was equally disappointing. They might give you a fancy callsign and pay for fancy \$300 heels but being sent to deliver Chinese food to cabal of men hunched over radio equipment was not listed in the recruitment brochure. They stared out the window intensely, hands pressed against their headphones, barely acknowledging her existence. She left the bags and made her way back to her motel room.

'I'm back John' she murmured as she walked back through the motel entrance. No grunt of reply. She looked at John, hunched over on his chair, the door clerk uniform as dull as ever.

'John'. He'd fallen asleep. She shook him, but he was cold. The carpet squelched, wet. She pressed him against the wall, to find his abdomen had been carved open. A sense of panic set in. Racing into the center of the street she looked to the hotel at the end of the road. To the third floor, a lighted window where she's delivered noodles and spring rolls minutes before.

I imagined. The agent was going to be smoke.

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